

Z-RO, Gangsta

[Chorus - Trae]

I kno-ooow I'm a gangsta dogg
I sho-ooow I'm a gangsta dogg
I kno-ooow I'm a gangsta dogg
I sho-ooow I'm a gangsta dogg

[Verse 1 - Z-Ro]

When it get gangsta I don't see too many niggaz reppin the set
but in front of these dog ass hoes they reppin till death
there goes Z-Ro the crooked better put some pep in ya step
you ain't got enough insurance to get ya self in a wreck
I put a cease on all breathin when I squeeze my weapon
better hope God come for you cause you gon'need a blessing
somebody save 'em it's gon'take all of his people to Heaven
if he runnin it ain't gon'take but 3 of these to catch him
I'm dedicated to the delivery of a Smith & Wesson
while keepin it under cover the keep the laws from guessin
who did it and what had cause gangsta's don't make a scene
bitch niggaz public sizin and end up with ten or fifteen

[Verse 2 - Trae]

I'm back in the hood my dogg but these niggaz be hatin
I feel it's me against the world plus that nigga name Satan
I tried to get the fuck away but still I keep comin back
the hood'll never be the same since we lost Screw and Pat
snitches don't know how to act and plus they talkin to the feds
only see me conversating with real G's and my bread
and it ain't too many down to ride so I ride alone
I'm a asshole by nature plus my twin touchin home
what the fuck is goin on? niggaz need to get a grip
some of the realest down south gangstafied with a clip
fully equipped and grindin to get out of the hood
but I don't wanna leave my doggs so it's back to the hood

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Jay'Ton]

I'm laid back in the Lac pockets sittin fat
with the Boss in the seven duece with the top back
I'm a gangsta ass nigga representin for the click
I'm leavin bodies in a ditch for niggaz acting like a bitch
I'm a asshole by nature plus I'm chasin paper
late night tinted up with a glock that'll spray ya
so move back a sec before you get wet
by the niggaz on the West with them vest on they chest
it's the Jay'Ton creepin up the block with the shot
niggaz hatin tryna keep us from reachin the top
so I'm a mash for the cash like the S.U.C
and the G - A - N - G is the S - L - A - B

[Verse 3 - Boss]

It's the Boss flippin in glass house while tryna stack moss
draggin my bumper makin my front end toss
I'm a gangsta mark ass niggaz get lost
you can see it in my ways as I walk, and I talk
stay flippin in the seven duece drop as I stomp
bang ya'll outlinin these niggaz in chalk
I get this from my C's and my B's and my folks
always play my part man it's G from the start
don't plan on changin a thing but a lame
swangin while bangin game Hoover click gang what I claim
I keep it G for my niggaz that's bangin in flames
stingin and changin this game bangin and label their name

[Chorus]